

WEEKLY MUSEUM.

"WITH SWEETEST FLOWERS ENRICH'D, FROM VARIOUS GARDENS CULL'D WITH CARE."

VOL. XI.—NO. 16.

NEW-YORK, SATURDAY, DECEMBER 8, 1798.

WHOLE NO. 536.

THE GLEBE HOUSE;

A TALE.

[CONCLUDED.]

COVERLY hastily rose from his seat; his cheeks were flushed, and his eyes sparkled with indignant haughtiness:—

Retain your wealth Sir, he exclaimed, your esteem I wished to preserve, but on these terms cannot purchase it.

Worlds would be no equivalent for a union that a reluctant heart must render everlasting wretched.

Know Sir, I would not give up the delightful privilege of loving, though despairingly, one of the first in my opinion, of her sex, for the sordid advantage of rising into splendor.

When your friendship was offered me, I sketched out prospects full of extacy, and looked to participating my happiness with the only object who could afford me any; the fabric of my hopes is raised to the dust;—but I am inured to disappointments, and though this is the severest stroke, I trust it will be sustained without another complaint.

But surely Sir, you will not deprive me of your esteem; my soul already ruffled by two circumstances would feel yet more disgusted with the world, should the sweet bond of friendship, it was entering into with you, be thus rudely broken.

Deprive you of my esteem! exclaimed Montfort, rushing into his arms, and falling on his neck, unable, from his powerful emotions, to utter more.

True son of Isabella, cried he, recovering, such was her spirit, her nobleness, her fortitude; oh! thou who art bound in my heart and interwoven in all its affections, didst thou suppose I would lead thee from thy pictured felicity?—I mentioned a lady of fortune, and in my estimation she has the most valuable of all possessions: Virtue, innocence, and beauty, great is her dowry, inestimable her worth;—take to thy arms, oh Coverley, take Constantia to thy noble breast!

Coverley started! his uplifted clasped hands, and speechless rapture evinced more strongly than words, his gratitude and joy; the deadly paleness of Constantia gave way to natural blushes; in the height of her agitation, her cup fell from her hand on Jasper's foot, fortunately the contents were not very warm, yet sufficiently so as to make him leap, from surprise, to the farthest part of the room.

Need I say Mr. Montfort had occasion to reiterate his words to Coverley, oh! no, he clasped his Constantia to his heart, a heart which had so long, so constantly, so sadly sighed for her.—Oh! Virtue and sincerity, how great was thy reward at that moment!

And am I to call Constantia mine? cried he, in half broken accents;—no fears to oppose?—with thee to unite my fate;—say, my beloved, am I really possessed of such bliss!

Her tears fell—her tears of joy she could not suppress,—yes, dear Coverley, she gently said, ever precious to me will be the remembrance of this hour!

Serenely, said Montfort, may ye walk through life: and should Providence afflict, from sympathy and love may balm be derived; but oh! be every ill averted from your heads; thine be the roses unmixed with thorns,—so shall my life, long obscured in clouds, set at last with some degree of brightness.

All now was gratitude and acknowledgments; till the first impetuosity of those sensations subsiding, they began to grow a little rational and composed.

Mr. Montfort now noticed the dejection of Jasper's looks; who was fitting very ruefully rubbing his foot,

As for you, my young hero, cried he, we all perceive that you are, at least, vulnerable in your heel, like the great Achilles;—and I make no doubt but your heart is also penetrable to the soft influence of a fly urchin, denominated Love.

I have, in some degree, a property like Pope's *Ærial*, of looking into the human breast; and think I've discerned something in yours and a certain lady's, which looks like sympathetic feeling.

Why, what sir? exclaimed Jasper, has Miss Lucy discovered?—if she has, upon my—

Here the parson interrupted him, for he had an aversion to swearing, and saw an expression in his countenance, that threatened something tremendous.

The anger of Jasper quickly led to a discovery of its cause, and when the letter was produced, which he had not power to destroy, from beholding the signature of "Lucy Montfort," nothing except Constantia's confusion, could equal that of the young lady's.

His sister's embarrassment convinced them she was the culprit: she pleaded guilty,—received a chiding from Coverley,—a rebuke from her mother, for disrelling the sweet child,—and was told by her father, that she had deviated from the Golden Rule.

But it is impossible to describē the transports of Jasper—starting up, forgetful of pain and ridicule, he caught Lucy's hand to his lips; and seized Mr. Montfort's with a squeeze, that made the old gentleman hastily strive to disengage it,

His resentment to his sister was not quite appeased; and he assured her, he would not write the epithalamium he had long ago planned against her marriage.

To have my fair kinswoman settled, said Montfort, is now all I can desire; 'tis certain she and you, my friend Jasper, knew each other but a short time; but in affairs of happiness I always waive ceremony—there is an artlessness in both, which at once declares the disposition, and shews time is not wanting to discover their propensities;—why then should there be any delay?

Aye, why should there? exclaimed Mrs. Owens, her eyes swimming in tears of delight, my maxim is to secure good when it is offered; ah! bless you, I'm not one of those shilly shally folks that stands as if I didn't know whether to take or refuse what I have a desire for.

No, that you are not, my love, said the parson, don't you remember how you threw me out of

my chair once in your hurry?—and how another day you broke a set of caudle-cups your aunt Bridget gave you, by your haste?

Mr. Montfort interrupted the parson's enumeration of accidents, by leading Jasper to the blushing Lucy, who, at first, hesitated, but as her inclination coincided with his, (though modestly, deem'd it necessary at first to oppose) she soon yielded consent to change her state on the same day with Constantia; and received from the transported Jasper, a string of compliments quite in the sublime order.

Mrs. Owens appeared scarcely sensible of what she was doing; in vain her husband preached moderation—all was hurry and schemes of grandeur; and in this derangement of ideas, she was near demolishing some of his manuscript sermons, to put under confectionaries, had he not timely entered, and rescued them from her merciless hands.

The wished for morning at length arrived; the party walked to the church without any pomp, innocence and felicity were alone in their trains; the birds from every bough appeared to sing hymeneals, and to their gladdened eyes the earth wore a more smiling aspect;—such the sweet effect of joy, to paint all objects with brighter colours.

Montfort gave both ladies away; and the good parson tied the irrevocable knot.

The villagers were prepared to receive them on their return; and, at the desire of Mr. Montfort, tables were spread for their entertainment under the shady trees; and in the evening the lads and lasses in their holyday attire, led up a rustic dance to the sound of the tabor and pipe, on the lawn; while amongst them were distributed white knots, and bridal cake to dream of their sweethearts.

Having now I think, (as Adam says) brought my glory to the sum of earthly bliss, I cannot conclude, without first relating the establishments of my heroes and heroines:

Montfort, their generous friend, provided for all;

Coverley's house was enlarged, but still retained all the simplicty of architecture; from its amiable inmates he experiences that soothing unremitting attention, which has diffused felicity through his mind; he has made it his constant abode, and terms it—THE RESIDENCE OF TRUE CONTENT.

Jasper took orders, and has a beneficial living about five miles from the Glebe;—he perseveres in that path which his father led him from his infantine days; possessed of conscious rectitude, an amiable wife, and a blooming progeny, he boasts a happiness, even the great might envy.

Pure and unruffled flow on the days of Coverley and Constantia.—Montfort's tears often steal down, from the fullness of joy in beholding theirs; and, in those moments he withdraws to solitude with his little god-daughter Isabella, in whose features he traces a resemblance of his ever beloved.

The parson and his wife are as happy a couple as live;—and though she sometimes takes a

short flight from the hell, she always returns to her lovey with smiles of affection.

Mr Monfort seeks the dwellings of the wretched, clearing and relieving every child of sorrow; so that the poor inhabitants have reason to bless the hour he settled near the Glebe House.

We have long detained our readers in a simple mansion from which, perhaps, they thought nothing could be observed worthy regard; though the prospect is plain and unvariegated, we trust no object appeared in it, that had not a tendency to prove that—a perseverance in prudence and virtue only can baffle felicity.

We now bid them farewell; and hope, if they have found nothing in the Glebe House to applaud, they will at least, be a neutral power, and not condemn.



EXTRACT FROM ABBÉ BARRUEL'S HISTORY OF THE FRENCH CLERGY.

"SOON after the first national assembly had decreed, that the Contat of Avignon belonged to the French nation, an army of assassins, of whom one Jourdon, surnamed the Cutthroat, was commander, took possession of the unfortunate city of Avignon. The churches were immediately pillaged; the sacred vases profaned and carried off; the altars levelled to the ground. The prisons were soon filled, and the unhappy victims were released only to suffer death. A deep pit was dug to receive their dead bodies, six hundred of which were thrown into it, mangled and distorted, before ten o'clock the next day. Among them was Nolhock, a priest, in the eightieth year of his age. He had been thirty years rector of Symphorien, a parish which he preferred to all others, and which he could not be prevailed on to quit for a more lucrative one, because he would not desert the poor. During his rectorship he had been the common father of his parishioners, the refuge of the indigent, and the comforter of the afflicted, and the friend and counsellor of every honest man. When the hour of danger approached, his friends advised him to fly; but no entreaties could prevail upon him to abandon his flock: "No," said the good old man, "I have watched over them in the halcyon days of peace, and shall I now leave them amidst storms and tempests, without one to comfort them in their last dreary moments?" Mr. Nolhock, who, till now, had been respected even by the cut-throats, was sent to the prison the evening before the execution. His appearance and his salutation, were those of a consoling angel: "I come, my children, to die with you. We shall soon appear in the presence of that God whom we serve, and who will not desert us in the hour of death." He fortified their drooping courage, administered the last consolatory pledges of his love, and the next day embraced and cheered each individual as he was called forth by the murderers. Two of these stood at the door, with a bar of iron in their hands, and as the prisoners advanced knocked them down: The bodies were then delivered over to the other assassins, who hacked and disfigured them with their sabres, before they threw them into the pit, that they might not afterwards be known by their friends and relations. When the cut-throats were dispersed, every one was anxious to find the body of Mr. Nolhock. It was at last discovered by the cask, and the crucifix which he wore on his breast. That breast had been pierced in fifty places, and the skull entirely mashed!"



ANECDOTE.

IN such of the Roman Catholic countries, where superstition still has a hold, there is an order of the priests called Friars, who cannot by law exercise certain functions belonging to the higher orders of priesthood—a young lady some years ago called into a monastery at a place called Calnettis, in the island of Madeira, in order to confess, and finding a Friar (or brother) of that house alone in one of the chapels, she kneeled down by him and told him all her sins—The Friar said nothing—she asked him for absolution—"I am no priest (said the Friar) I cannot give you absolution"—"no priest!" said the lady, very much surprised, and in a great passion—"No, madam," answered the Friar, dully—"Well, said she, I'll go and complain to your superiors, for your daring to take my confession!"—"and I'll go, (returned the Friar) and tell all your blabbing to your husband!"—mum was the word.

FOR THE NEW-YORK WEEKLY MUSEUM.

ON FRIENDSHIP.

HAIL, sacred Friendship, life's sublimest joy! Such charms as thine can never, never cloy, The greatest bliss that mortals e'er can know Whilst in this mortal state to thee we owe. Depriv'd of thee, life can no pleasure give: To breathe without thee would not be to live: But blest with thee, an ever-placid wife, Thou canst not fail to sweeten human life.

ARIBERT.



DECEMBER.

LO! what dreary, darksome morning, Ushers in the rising day;

Phœbus, from the west returning, Dimly gleams a trembling ray.

Now no more the lark, high-soaring, Chaunts her sweetly-thrilling strain; Far away the hawes, exploring Some more hospitable plain.

Flocks of sparrows, pertly hopping, Here and there collect a grain; While the sweet domestic robin, For the city quits the plain.

Birds of ev'ry song and pinion, Own stern-winter's rigid reign; And for summer's soft dominion Silent sigh but sigh in vain.

Some in penive notes repining, On the snow-embossed spray, For their absent partners pining, Sigh their little lives away.

Now no more is heard resounding, Up yon cliff, the busy mill; Winter's frigid arms surrounding, Lock the sweetly-tinkling rill.

Lo! how all our scenes of pleasure, Cloth'd in spotless liveries lie, Where nymphs and swains, in frolic measure, Trip and sing so merrily.

Ah! how oft, at eve, resounding Music stole from yonder hill, Which sickly fogs and mists surrounding Now breeds damps and vapours chill.

But hark! in yonder vale, gay moving, Breathes the fair-resounding horn; Whilst the jovial sportsmen roving, Hail, with shouts, the rising morn.



SONNET TO AN INFANT.

SNOW drop of love! sweet image of thy fire Whose eager lips a father's feelings speak, Whose glowing orbs disclose affection's fire, Pleas'd as I gaze upon thy lovely cheek;

And kiss thy ruby lips, and shake thy hand, Dim'd are mine eyes, with sympathy's big tears; For ah! methinks I see fate's fleshless band, Weaving around thine head the distant years.

Inwrought with sighs, and stor'd with many a groan: Nay, why that smile? Prediction's dreams are flown,

On, lovely rose-bud! to the wide world go, Ope to the sun beams of parental love; And never, never may thy bosom prove One pang of mental grief, one hour of human woe.



EPITAPH ON A VERY LOVELY BOY.

BRIGMT as the gems the wealthy Orient boasts, Sweet as the odours of their spicy coast, A pearly dew-drop fee some flow'r's adorn, And grace with all its pride the rising morn: But soon the sun emits a fiercer ray, And the fair fabric ruffles to decay; Low in the dust the beauteous ruin lies, While the pure vapor seeks its native skies: A fate like this to thee, sweet youth, was giv'n, To sparkle, bloom, and be exhal'd to Heav'n.

PUNISHMENT OF STATE CRIMINALS IN HOLLAND, BEFORE THE REVOLUTION.

PUBLIC justice is administered in the Provinces with a very impartial, but, in some cases, a very mysterious hand. In common affairs, the accused is tried, and, if not immediately acquitted, he is conducted to prison without his knowing when his sentence will be passed, or of what nature it is to be. At the pleasure of the magistrate, he is summoned to make his second appearance, and then receives sentence; after hearing which, he is carried again to his confinement, whence he is brought out only on the day he is to be executed: of this he has only a few hours notice, whether the punishment be capital or otherwise. He is then delivered over as a public spectacle, and his offence made known, in a summary way, to the people.

The state trials are conducted with great secrecy. A masked person is picked up, in a manner, almost imperceptible. He is tried, condemned, and executed, without the public suspecting any thing about the matter. If the offender be a decent whole family would be disgraced by an ignominious death, he is brought into a certain apartment in the seat of justice, where he perceives a goblet standing on a table; and on one side of it the figure of a woman, called the Maiden, larger than life, but of exquisite beauty and proportion; the person whose office it is to attend, gives the criminal the choice of these, either of which is an evitable fate. If he drink the contents of the goblet be his election, he has no sooner taken the poison, than the officer makes him a bow, and informs him he is at full liberty to go where he pleases. Of course he makes the best of his way home; but the poison he has swallowed is of so active a nature, that he takes his death along with him, and has no other consolation than that of yielding up his life amidst his friends. If the other be his choice, he advances to the figure, whose arms are by secret springs extended to receive him; and just as he has reached the lips of this treacherous Maiden, he finds destruction in her embrace: he is locked fast in her gripes, and feels innumerable lances striking at his heart and vitals.



EXECUTION OF SIR WALTER RALEIGH.

A Scaffold was erected in the Old Palace Yard, London, upon which, after fourteen years reprieve, Sir Walter Raleigh's head was cut off. At which time such abundance of blood issued from the veins, that shewed he had a stock of nature enough left to continue him many years in life (though now above three-score years old), if it had not been taken away by the hand of violence. And this was the end of the great Sir Walter Raleigh; great sometimes in the favor of Queen Elizabeth, and next to Sir Francis Drake the great scourge and bane of the Spaniards; who had many things to be commended in his life, but none more than his constancy at his death, which he took with so undaunted a resolution, that one might perceive he had a certain expectation of a better life after it.



PIGRAM.

HIS last great debt is paid---poor Tom's no more! "Last debt! Tom never paid a debt before."



ANECDOTE.

WHEN the late king of Prussia made his first expedition into Silesia, the deputies of a little Protestant hamlet, which was near a Roman Catholic village, came to his majesty, and with all public humility begged permission to kill all the inhabitants of the said village. The king considered the deputies whilst they were speaking with very serious attention. "Pray gentlemen,"—said he, as soon as they had finished, "if that Roman Catholic village, which so highly offends you, were to solicit permission of me to murder you, would you think it just in me to suffer them?"

"Oh, gracious sovereign!" replied the deputies "the case is exceedingly different ---We are the true church."

PROVERBS.

BE good thyself, and with-hold not thy hand from the good.

Many have fallen, and perished, through the beauty of a woman.

HOL.
with a
sterious
, if not
without
of what
e, he is
then re-
again to
only or
a few
point or
eck, to the

SATURDAY, DECEMBER 8, 1798.

AFFECTING.

A Humane and Gallant YOUTH, Nephew to Alderman Beckman, of this city, was drowned in the Fresh water pond, on Tuesday last, in the same Chafin of the Ice, from which he had just rescued a son of Dr. Nelbit, his neighbor. He was the Nephew of Mr. and Mrs. Beckman; being the son of the Alderman's brother, and of a daughter of the late Fletcher Mathews, Esq. her brother, of Mathew's Field, County of Orange.

COMMUNICATION.

Passing Ricketts's Circus in Greenwich street on Thursday evening last, I was well pleased to observe it lighted up. Curiosity prompted me to enter; I was highly gratified—the house has undergone very great alterations, which has improved its beauty much. We only regret that Mr. Ricketts does not intend to amuse us again till Tuesday next, when we hear he means to give A Bon Bouche! to Bon Vivants.

Thursday came up the armed ship Citizen, Capt. Hobell, of 18 guns, 19 days from the Havannah, who came up with 16 American vessels under convoy, and parted with them on our coast. Two days after he left Havannah, spoke the Baltimore sloop of war, Capt. Phelps, with a number of American vessels under convoy for the Havannah, all well. The Constitution frigate parted convoy, a few days ago spoke the armed ship Deborah of 20 guns, with a number of vessels under her protection, bound up the Delaware, wind blowing fresh, could not learn where they were from. American produce low at Havannah, flour 6 1-a dollars per barrel, sugar from 6 to 71 per Cwt, cotton goods prohibited. Four French privateers laying at the Havannah, but did not seem disposed to go to sea.

The brig General Kepel, Lennon, a British Letter of Marque, from Philadelphia to Martinique, in lat. 22° 17' m. on the 18th of August last, early in the morning, upset in a squall. A French Gentleman passenger, and two seamen, were drowned in the vessel. The rest of the people, 23 in number including two passengers, got on the larboard side, and remained there for half an hour, when the masts giving way, the vessel righted. They then cut away two boats, got a few provisions, and formed a raft of some spars. The Capt. and five others went in the smallest boat, the rest in the other boat and on the raft. The first boat disappeared the next day. The boat attached to the raft, left it, after its being determined by lot which five should remain on it, the boat being too small to carry all. This boat got to Abaco 22 days after, during which time one of the people died; and they were 12 days without provisions. The second mate, James Jones, died in Abaco. Three of the survivors swam from the rest on that island; the others were carried into Nassau by one of the harbor island vessels.

Arrived, brig Betsey, Duxbury, master, in 30 days from St. Bartholomew.

A gentleman who arrived at St. Bartholomew's from Guadalupe a few days before the Betsey failed, reported, that Americans were daily brought into that place, and shared their common fate of condemnation; and in consequence of the American frigates capturing their privateers, our seamen were treated with the utmost contempt; they were all imprisoned and kept on allowance of 4 ounces of salt fish for 24 hours, with a scanty supply of bread.

A terrible fire broke out at Richmond, (Vir.) on the 22d of November. It began at 8 o'clock in the morning, at the house of a Mr. Purcell, and destroyed the greatest part of the Main-street.

Extract of a letter from Messrs. Shaw and Co. Cadiz, dated Sept. 18, 1798.

"Admiral St Vincent, who has so long cut off every foreign communication with this port, has just signified his resolution to admit the free ingress and egress of the trade of the United States to and from this city."

The above extract we received from a Mercantile house of the first respectability, and may therefore be depended upon.]

[Translated from German papers, for the True American.]

Raaffadt, Sept. 20th.

The deputation of the Empire, yesterday held a sitting to consider the notes of the French Plenipotentiaries of the 14th inst. The Director of Mayence presented two notes, one from the Bishop of Liege, the other from that of Bale, in which they complain that the French ministers, in their last note, give to understand, that it is the intention of the French Republic, to make a difference between the countries situated on the left bank of the Rhine, and to divide them into conquered territory and territory reunited. They play the imperial deputation to use their interest, that the said Bishops of Liege and Bale may procure peace on the same conditions as the other countries situated on the left bank of the Rhine.

The greatest part of the deputies are well satisfied with the last note of the French. It appears that a good understanding is likely to take place between the Plenipotentiaries of the two powers; and we daily expect a peace will be finally concluded.

A most bloody battle has been fought at the town of Stantz, Canton of Unterwald, in Switzerland, between the French troops and the inhabitants. Our readers will recollect that Gen. Schwabengen was ordered against Unterwald to force the inhabitants to accept the new constitution. Faithful to his orders, the General proceeded against this unfortunate and bold people; however, he met a reception he did not expect. The Swiss fought like lions for 13 hours, and the most dreadful carnage ensued. Old men, and even the women, all joined in this terrible conflict. The French, irritated by such obstinate resistance, wreaked upon them the most terrible vengeance! All the inhabitants between Stantz and Stantzaat were pillaged and destroyed. At Stantz, 17 houses only escaped the ravages of the flames. Stantzaat, and several other villages were reduced to ashes. Several Capuchins and the Curate of Stantz were found among the killed. Those who escaped fled to the mountains and were closely pursued. We may form some idea of the fury and despair which animated this wretched people, when we consider that with a force far inferior, without discipline or officers, they resisted the French army for 13 hours, and were almost all cut to pieces. The surrounding country (say the German and French papers) afterwards presented nothing but soil covered with smoking ruins and dead bodies.

Our German papers assert that the Ottoman minister has daily conferences with those of England and Russia; and that the latter power will vigorously second the Porte. Twenty-five thousand Russian troops are marching to aid the Porte in the siege of Widdin. The declaration of war against the French has been sent throughout the Ottoman empire, the standard of Mahomet is erected, and every Musselman exhorted to repair to it.

Letters by the Clothiers mention the landing and destruction of 7,000 Frenchmen in Ireland.

NEW THEATRE.

On Monday evening the 10th inst. will be presented,

A COMEDY,

(never performed here) called, The STRANGER.

MEN.

The Stranger,	Mr COOPER
Count de Winterfen,	HALLAM, jun.
Baron de Steinfurt,	BARRETT
Conrod,	TYLER
Solomon,	BATES
Peter,	JEFFERSON
Francis,	MARTIN.

WOMEN.

Countess de Winterfen,	Mrs MELMOTH
Mrs Haller, (her first appearance here)	BARRETT
Barbara,	SEYMOUR.

CHILDREN.

Boys,	Masters STOCKWELL and BARRETT
Girl,	Mrs HOGG

An EPILOGUE, by Mrs BARRETT.

To which will be added,

A favorite MUSICAL ENTERTAINMENT, called, The ADOPTED CHILD.

Doors open 1-4 past 5, and Curtain rises 1-4 past 6.

Vivat Republica.

COURT OF HYMEN.

WHEN Winter's chilling blast arrives,
Then the lads do get them Wives,
For which, I'm told, they give this reason;
"It helps to moderate the Seafon."

MARRIED

On Monday, the 20th of July, at Farnham, in Surrey, after a courtship of forty years, Mr. HUGH WELCH, to Miss ANN HILL. The ages of this couple, together with the Bride-man and Bride-maid, were as follow—Bride-groom, 82—Bride, 86—Bride-maid, Miss Betty Grinaway, of Farnham, 95—Bride-man, Mr. Colver, of Ditton, 82—Total, 345.

Some time since, at Redding-Town, (N. J.) by the Rev. Mr. Stoddard, Mr. JACOB WARBER, to Miss MARGARET SOUTHWELL, both of this city.

On Monday the 19th ult. by the Rev. Dr. Livingston, Mr. STEPHEN VAN WYCK, Watchmaker, to Miss CATHERINE BRASHER.

On Wednesday the 21st ult. by the Rev. Mr. Van Vranken, Mr. RICHARD BOORUM, to Miss MARY BRINKERHOOF, daughter of the late Mr. John Brinkerhoof, both of Fiskirk.

At Springbury, near Philadelphia, on Thursday the 29th ult. by the Rev. Dr. Green, Mr. JOHN DELAMATER, of this city, to Mrs. ELIZA CALDWELL, of that place.

Same evening, in this city, by the Rev. Dr Beach, Doctor DANIEL M. HITCHCOCK, to Miss ANNE GRESWOLD, both of this city.

On Saturday evening last, by the Rev. Nathan Wood-hull, Mr. ADRIAN VANISDORREN, Merchant of this city, to Miss MARIA LAWRENCE, of New-Town, (L. I.)

Same evening, by the Rev. Dr. Rogers, Mr. NATHANIEL G. INGRAM, Merchant, to Miss ELIZA PHENIX, eldest daughter of Daniel Phoenix, Esq.—All of this city.

On Tuesday evening last, by the Rev. Mr. Staniford, Mr. BAESL QUINET, to Miss HANNAH RUSSELL, both of this city.

At Smith Town, (L. I.) by the Rev. Mr. Gleeson, Mr. MICHAEL SMITH, to Miss ELIZABETH SMITH.

DIED,

At Newport (R. I.) on Saturday last, Mr. LEWIS BULLION, aged 67 years.

RICKETTS'S CIRCUS.

(SECOND TIME THIS SEASON.)

On Tuesday the 11th of Dec. 1798, will be presented to the public, surprising

FEATS OF HORSEMANSHIP,

SINGING, DANCING, PANTOMIMES, &c.

By Mr. RICKETTS and his Company,

The particulars will be announced in the hand bill of the day.

Doors open at Six o'clock, and the performance will begin at Seven.

N. B. Stoves erected in different part of the Circus to render it comfortably warm.

PICKED UP ADRIFF.

ON Tuesday last, in the East River, near the mouth of New-town creek, a Ship's YAWL. The owner proving property and paying charges, may have her again by applying to JOHN WILLIAMS, New-town Creek.

December 6, 1798.

36—37 £ 8s.

T. WORTMAN,

Attorney and Counsellor at Law, and Notary Public,

HAS removed his Office to No. 87 Maiden-Lane, formerly occupied by John F. Roorbach, Esq. deceased. The business of the late Mr. Roorbach, will be continued at the same place.

36—37 £ 8s.

A PHYSICAL ENQUIRY

In the Origin and Cause

of the

PESTILENTIAL FEVERS.

Just published, and for sale by Thomas B. Janzen, Nos. 344 Water-street: Also, sold by F. Drummond, H. Gaines, and J. Harrison.



COURT of APOLLO.

PATHEtic STANZAS.

I have a silent sorrow here,
A grief I'll ne'er impart:
It breathes no sigh, it sheds no tear,
But it confounds my heart!

This cherifh'd woe, this lov'd despair,
My lot for ever be;
So, my foul's lord, the pangs I bear
Be never known by thee!

And when pale characters of death
Shall mark this alter'd check;
When my poor wasted, trembling breath
My life's last hope would speak---

I shall not raise my eyes to Heav'n,
Nor mercy ask for me;
My foul delspairs to be forgiv'n,
Unpardon'd, love, by thee.



Lines written by Sir Walter Raleigh, the night before his execution.

EVEN such is Time, that takes our trust
Our youth, our joys, our all we have,
And pay us but with age and dust;
Who in the dark and silent grave
(When we have wander'd all our ways)
Shows up the story of our days.
But from this earth, this grave, this dust,
My God shall raise me up---I trust.



ADVERTISEMENT EXTRA.

FREDERIC WEISER, TONSOR,

VONCE more beks leave to inform de public, dat he still works at his old Trade, on de College Plain, in de old Shop of Colon & Spondee, vere he has trim and shave crate many plackheads, dat was very good patriot, and told all de news about de Congrefs and de French, and Bonnyparty, and the Dyvel.

Pesides, he has made crate many wiks and larnt crate many polities, into de paigain; and can lather and shave any pody dat does deserve it, az vell az de Lay Preacher; and can go to de Congrefs, (if de peoples vil fend him) az velkaz he.

For, He can make crate deal noise 'bout de cursed French, and 'bout himself too; and pesides he iz von crate Schouar, and can let plood from de heart ov you Sanfoulous, juste like notting at all.

Also, he is more Federal as any man in dis wold----dat does not vant any vote.

No---Sair!----Monsieur Tonfor does not wont to go to de Congrefs---no more dan he does want to go to de dyvel; but he does hate to have sich dam Rascal go, az will run away, and not do his pizuefs on de floor, fear of de craté Lion dat does roar and spit, and fling de tongz so like de Hell; which make him so plakey mad, dat he vill roother give up shop, plackheads, and all to Colon & Sponder again, (if dey has not gone to de Congrefs, where I hear dey did talk of goin) and go date myself---before I vill trust such rogue dare, as will leave de laws, before dey be half done, to make demselfes.

And now Jentlemeus! if you do take me for sich man, az de Lay Preacher says you must chuse, (an' fate!) I believe I iz az much him, az de Lay Preacher is himself! I will tank you to fend me, and I will go and serve you dare for notting at all, py Col! and cheaper too, if you desire it, and vill find me a little drop o'Crog.

But, haik'ee, Monsieur Colon and Spondee! if dey pe sick dam fool, as dey vill not send me to de Congrefs----why den dey may go to de Hell, and I must keep de old Shop, and flick down to my trade skin, as Ufball.

FRED. WEISER, Tons.

MORALIST.



CHARITY.

"Think, oh grateful think!
How good the God of Harvest is to you."

THIS text is addressed to the husbandman, who when gathering in his harvest, is warned not to be too faving and niggard of the bounties which heaven hath liberally bestowed upon him; to be mindful of the needy; to enquire into their necessities, and relieve them as is in his power, nor turn them empty away.

Fortune is not always the lot of the just; and if any thing can be the offspring of chance, this gift is one of her children.---Virtue, honor, and integrity, are not entitled exclusively to riches. Industry, and frugality, have the fairest pretensions, yet these are often frustrated; sickness, accidents, and a thousand casualties, combine to prevent the supposed natural course of events.

At this season of the year, every thing calls upon man to be grateful, provident, and charitable---thousands of objects call upon him for praise to the God of nature and being---now can your charity be extended, and you can scarcely feel it. Contrast your situations, and make your own comments.

FREDERICK LIEBENAU, LADIES HAIR DRESSER,

JUST arrived from Europe, begs leave to recommend himself to the Ladies of fashion in this metropolis; he assures them he has in his power to give ample satisfaction to those who will honor him with their employ, either in the newest English or French taste.

He makes also elastic perukes and toups, in the most elegant English taste, when bespoke.

He likewise makes for gentlemen who have but little hair, and who do not chuse to wear perukes, a sort of false toupet, so placed as neither to need strings nor buckles, with which they may sleep, and no exercises can derange them, having an exact appearance of rational hair. Apply at Mr Smith's, cabinet maker, no. 239 Broadway, a line left there will be duly attended to. 35---4t

DANCING.

M. R. DUPORT, professor of Dancing (formerly pupil to the celebrated Gardell of Paris) respectfully acquaints the Ladies & Gentlemen, of this city, that he intends giving private lessons in that art: having taught several years in Bolton, and being recommended by some of the first families there, he hopes will be a sufficient recommendation.

His terms may be made known by applying at the Musical Repository no. 131 William street.

November 27, 1798. 35---4t.

NOTICE.

BY order of Richard Harrison, Esq. Recorder of the city of New-York; Notice is hereby given to all the creditors of George Knight, an Insolvent debtor, that they shew cause if any they have, before the said Recorder, by the twenty-second day of February next, at the hour of ten o'clock in the forenoon, at his Office in the city of New-York, why an assignment of the said George Knight's estate should not be made, and he discharged according to the directions of the act entitled "an act for giving relief in cases of Insolvency," passed the 21st March, 1788. Dated the 22d November, 1798. 35---6t.

GEORGE KNIGHT, Insolvent.
Matthew Bunce, one of the petitioning Creditors.

EDUCATION.

NATHANIEL MEAD respectfully informs his friends and the public, that he has again opened his School at No. 13 Nassau Street, where his usual and punctual attendance will be given. EVENING SCHOOL is also opened at the above place. Nov. 7. 32---4t

A person who writes a plain and expeditious hand, wishes to be employed in polishing books, making out accounts, or in transcribing any writings. Enquire at this office.

Nov. 17, 1798. 33---4t

A GIRL

OF about 13 or 14 years of age, of good connection, is wanted in a small family.---Enquire at this Office.

This day is Published,
At H. Caritat's circulating Library and Book Store
No. 153 Broadway,
THE CHILDREN OF THE ABBEY.
A Tale---in four volumes, bound in two, by Reginalia Maia Rache, author of the Maid of the Hamlet, &c.
PRICE Two Dollars.

The reputation which this novel has obtained induced the proprietor to reprint it, and it is trusted will render unnecessary any praise from the publisher, as it has been generally perused by his subscribers, when in his library, and universally admired.

May be had at the said store, likewise the just published original new novel, called, Wieland, or the Transformation, an American tale, by C. B. B. and the original letters of the unfortunate lovers, Ferdinand and Elizabeth.

H. Caritat has also an extensive assortment of either imported English books, or American publications.

A choice of the most approved French literature and elegant coloured prints.

NB. To his library has been added every new publication imported by the fall vessels, suitable to his former collection.

34---4t

SPECIFIC LOTION,

FOR diseases of the skin, herpetical affections, and eruptions of the face, and which is so prevalent in both sexes, however malignant in their nature, or of long standing, prepared by CHARLES ANDREWS, Surgeon, late apprentice at St. Bartholomew's Hospital, London, and house pupil under Mr Blicke for six years. Sold by appointment at Missis Tifford and Co's, Druggists, no. 83 Maiden Lane, and at the proprietor's medicinal store, no. 208 Water street, New-York; and also at Mr Robert Stafford's druggist, no. 36 Market street, Philadelphia; in half pint bottles, with printed directions, price one dollar each.

This Lotion is approved of by the most eminent of the profession, and is now offered to the public as a very valuable acquisition to medicine, being a certain specific remedy for the great variety of obstinate and virulent diseases to which mankind are subject, under the common denomination of Scrofulic, &c. also in every case where the patient is afflicted with either Inflammation, Eruptions, Pimpls, Blotches, Carbuncles, Black Worms, Inflammatory Ulcers, and a variety of symptoms attending an impure and diseased state of the skin. This Specific Lotion, besides being a certain cure for the above, is perfectly safe in its use, and is not injurious to the tenderest constitution, or the most delicate complexion.

Its efficacy arises from its possessing a moderate stimulating power, which excites a re-action in the stagnated vessels, relieving obstructed perspiration, and by these means eradicates the morbid and viscid matter externally, without producing any other apparent effect, than, on its first use, causing a small degree of scurf to be thrown off.

Thus simply, speedily, and effectually, does this Lotion remove every obtrusion, impurity, and disease of the skin, without producing any unpleasant symptom. The manner of applying it, is to have the face, or part affected, washed clean with water, and wiped dry with a linen cloth, then, first taking care to shake the bottle, the part affected is to be moderately washed with the Lotion night and morning.

One bottle generally affords the most surprising relief; but the quantity that may be necessary to use, must depend on the violence of the complaint, or the length of time it may have been standing.

14---4t

GERMAN FLUTE and VIOLIN TAUGHT BY MR BINGLEY,

WHO takes this method to inform his scholars and friends, that he has removed to No. 115 William-street, where he continues his instructions on said instruments.

Nov. 10, 1798.

32---4t

GEORGE BUCKMASTER, BOAT BUILDER,

No. 191, Cherry-street, opposite the Hay Scales, Ship Yards, New-York,

INFORMS his friends, that he has removed his Boat shop from Water-street to the above situation, where he has a number of Boats completed of almost every description, and on terms as low as any in New-York.

NB. Saws and Oars of all sizes 32---6m

PRINTED AND PUBLISHED

BY

JOHN HARRISON,
No. 3 Peck-Street.